SUBTERRENE©

RUSS MEYER SPECIAL

ISSUE 5 – 50p

AN ANTMAN PRODUCTION

Editorial

Okay so how the Fuck is everyone, me I'm knackered after a huge rush to get this issue finished but enough of my paltry woes,

Onto more important things

You have in your hands issue 5, the penultimate one before the anniversary issue and I hope you enjoy it and if you do then tell me, sometimes it seems as if I'm making no headway at all on the old letters/response front. In the Immortal words of Vic Reeves "Elvis Presley, Are You There Son?",

Onto the Thanks paragraph, Thanks go to (in no particular order) Ian Thewlis, George (M,I,H & Anti Abbreviation Society) Houston, Kevin Clements, Jonathan (Psychobabbler) Sharp, Jim (Trash City & Kinskite) McLennan, Neil Palmer, Mike (T,C,M 1 or 2) Tang, Paul Evison, Mark (Tromaton) Fox, Gary (the Bag Lady) Needham, Andrew (Mr Scripts) McGavin, Lorraine (The Velvet Vamp), Martin Naylor and last but by no means least Paul (5 Days) Meadez. An extra special mention goes to Ian Thewlis who came back from Wales to help me get this issue finished, Thank You's over with back to a less grovelsome mode,

Andrew McGavin (23 Compton Way, Merseyside, Liverpool, L6) is looking for script collaborators on various topics, if you are interested then get in touch with the man!

If anyone remembers I ran a comp in issue 3 to win an Original of The Smuggler by Lucio Fulci, the winner out of 2 people! was chosen by my Mum and the winner is (drum roll please)... Mike Russel of Wiltshire, Congrats and I hope you enjoy the film,

The next comp will be when I start getting some readership response, I mean 2 entries for a free video, The questions weren't even hard!

A late special thanks to John Gulldge of SAMHAIN for allowing me an extension to get this issue in the ZineZone, Thanks John

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Russ Meyer

Having a breast fetish is a strange way to become one of the best known cult directors ever. Russ Meyer has however made a fortune out of his particular hang-up. Is the reason for his sucess solely due the proportions of his female leads or is there something else that assures Meyer a steady following of faithful admirers (myself asongst them).

The films covered are the ones I have had the good fortune to see so gaps are due to my inability to track down titles. Anyone out there with Meyer films not mentioned then let me know.

Well without letting my personal bias run riot here is a look at some of Meyers films with examinations of their particular attractions.
Okay in chronological order, off we go!!!

The Immoral Mr Teas

One of the very first of a genre termed nudie-cuties, it provides a historical and entertaining look at the seeds of sex in the cinema.

The story is fairly simple, the complexities of Meyer films would come later, here we have a man with a stong urge to voyeuristic tendencies who 'sees' women without clothes through some strange psychedlic experince that involves a whirling circle. We chart his course as he observes women in various states of undress and a gradual self realisation that this experience may be a defect of the mind. So off he goes to see a shrink, the film ends with the shrink naked and Mr Teas smiling.

There is no dialogue in this film, merely a narator who helps the story along, with this almost silent atmosphere the story evolves yet retains an innocence that was probably overlooked when originally released. Wether this mood is intentional or an accidental addition due to age is hard to say, certainly 'Mr Teas' is an interesting experience when compared to the Meyer to follow.

I don't know there is a charm that brings me back to this film, maybe its the visible seeds of the fabled Meyer humour. You better watch it anyway, its nothing if not fun.

Motorpsycho

Definately a fore-runner of Pussycat, Motorpsycho is a Black and White Biker movie, gritty and enthralling and I had the opportunity to catch it on satellite, unfortunately in German! So the language barrier presented it's usual problem that I overcame by turning the sound down, And off we went.

Story wise we have 3 bikers on scooters in the desert been vicious in the grand tradition of bikers needless to say they get their comeupance at the end. As usual fast editing and an eye for action make this film stand out over many of the similar films of the time. Shame I didn't video it (I actually missed the first 10 minutes so it would have been pointless) but hopefully it will be on again.

Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill, Kill.

Starring: Tura Satana, Haja, Lori Williams, Ray Barlow, Susan Bernhard Mickey Foxx & Stuart Lancaster
Co-produced, Edited, Directed and Original story: Russ Meyer

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to violence ... the word and the act..."

This is the odd film in the substantial output of Mr Meyer, in as much as everyone wears clothes at all times (they do in Motorpsycho too Ed.).

If at this point, you haven't seen Pussycat, then you've probably fainted in disbelief, because Meyer is so widely known for his breast fixation and soft-core epics, that it is quite hard (no pun intended) to imagine a mammary free movie from the man who put Kitten into Natividad!

However Pussycat is a surprisingly likeable jaunt into uncharted terrirtory, and still features a few buxom starlets.

It is quite a violent venture (although not quite to the same degree as Supervixens) and it puts across a very strongly feminist viewpoint as Miss Satana's karate-kicking lesbian cracks her way through men without a second glance. Satana is the undoubted star of this film, as she and her wild women companions go on a cross country rampage.

The gutsy girls (including Haja from Meyer's Motorpsycho) eventually come across a farmhouse run by an old man and his two sons (one the brawn, one the brains). But trouble follows as the farmers slowly find out about the girl they have as a prisoner from the motor-death of her boyfriend at the girls hand.

With its open desert-scapes and barren black and white photography, it's not hard to tell why this has been labelled a cult film over the years. It's filled with suggestive one-liners and an unusual amount of character buling for this sort of film.

Meyer was well out of his 'nudie-cutie' rut by this time and was about to break into the Hollywood mainstream with Vixen and Beyond the Valley of the Dolls... 70%

Reviewer G.N. Houston

Mondo Topless

Meyer followed one of his best films with his absolute worst, even Meyer doesn't like this film. A collection of strippers do their stuff and tell you a little about themselves.

Boring and pointless and even the women seem wrongly chosen. Only for when you've watched all his other films. And then only if you're drunk!

Did actually have a UK release at one point.

Good Morning and Goodbye

Another rareity I caught on Satelite, the tale of an impotent guy and his philandering wife. For once (typical of Meyer) the sympathy goes to the woman, driven to extra marital distractions by her husbands unwilling memeber. His manhood is restored due to a wood nymphs magic (in German it's hard to tell wether the Nymph is a dream or a reality) his wife is happy and the shit for brains hunk who'd fraternised with both mother and daughter is well beaten up.

There's virtually no nudity in this film and it doesn't matter I liked it in German and only wish that I could get it in English. Above the norm on all levels.

Common Law Cabin

Starring Alaina Capri and Babette Bardot we have another pseudo reality tale that isn't really very distinguished by Meyer's standards.

There are the usual highlights that prevent this from becoming boring, such as Bardot's high dive and fire dance.

What else can I say, its better than comparable type films from other directors but it isn't Meyer's best work either. Nice editing as per noraml though.

Vixen

I suppose the first of a trilogy featuring Vixen somewhere in the title.

A Canadian bush pilot and oversexed wife come into contact with an number of oddball chracters and Vixen is the fast paced story of what goes down.

SHARING THE SHOWER DURING A WATER SHORTAGE

By the films climax (pun intended) Vixen (the great Erica Gavin) has bonked almost everyone in the cast and probably a slice of the crew too. God she even gets it on with her Brother!

Vixen has a social commentary that appears towards the end, but shit this is merely a device to avoid prosecution under the pornography laws.

Even now Vixen is a good, well made and enjoyable film. Back then it was a huge (another intended pun) hit taking almost a hundred times what it cost to make.

Cherry Harry and Raquel

Ah swindling drug sugglers, top heavy babes, violence, a retitling to MEGAVIXEN!?

Yep some idiot decided to retitle this film so before anyone else is caught out into thinking that there is a new Meyer film lets set the record straight. Megavixen is Cherry, Harry and Raquel. Right confusion over with.

Erm... yeah drug smugglers, nudity, sex and the wildest example of Meyer's editing as all manner of images are cut into the bonking interludes (or is it the story interludes?) including hospital examinations!

A fast and fun film, but there is still a need for a story, in actuality there is no real need as long as the dialogue is witty and the action fast.

I quite liked this one (I do like them all more or less) give it a whirl join the Meyer fans and save the world through fast editing!

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls

At the moment this is one of the few legally available (although slightly cut) Meyer films and one of his only Major studio works. What we have is an all girl band rising from obscurity to stardom with the help of a weird manager.

Now there are many a twist and turn in this wacky, cheerfull, perverse film so I won't spoil it (especially as you can buy it for a tenner). I would like to say that this is another Meyer film featuring a Nazi, where this hang up came from I can't Imagine!

Probably one of Meyer's most accomplished film that showcases strong-fast editing, experimental camera work a true knowledge of virtually every movie genre and a well written script (by Roger Ebert).

My only complaint is that it's too short, I would have preffered a 3 hour epic!

Supervixens

The second of the 'Vixen somewhere in the title' films and we return to the comic-book feel as we follow a poor wrongly accused man suffer indignaty after indignaty.

This luckless soul really suffers as the Murder he's accused of was actually comitted by the cop doing the accusing. Never mind he gets to meet the usual bevy of Meyer ladies who at least keep his libido in check!

Better (in my opinion) than Vixen as the story itself is superior as are the technical aspects of the film.

Both editing and direction stand out in this humorous romp as does the sight of a bound female with a stick of dynamite wedged between her spread legs!

One of the first Meyer films any prospective fan should (availability not withstanding) watch.

Up!

Probably my fave Meyer film so far seen. Due in the main to a wild story that for once features A Nazi and a Nazi storyline prominently.

The women are huge and the action, whcih of course includes bonking and fighting, is well handled.

The humour is twofold in UP as we have a witty script and humorous images, such as the Hitler look-alike getting chomped by a Pirahna fish in a bath.

With Up Meyer demonstrates how irrelevant nudity can be, as with this film if you were to cut the nudity you'd still have an excellent comedy. It is of course enhanced by the marvelous shots of Meyer's women charging around (usually naked) strutting their undeniable talents.

This fast, humorous approach was repeated to great effect in the following (and my second Fave) film...

Beneath The Valley of the Ultravixens

Starring: Francesca 'kitten' Natividad, Anne Marie, Ken Kerr, June Mack, Pat Wright, Henry Rowland and Stuart Lancaster
Produced, Photographed, Edited, Directed and Original story: Russ Meyer

YEEEHAAAH!!

This stuff really kicks ass.

This film proves that Russ 'mammary' Meyer really has brought his art to dizzying heights. We are treated to scene after scene of hilariously outrageous soft-core excess, all edited to perfection so that the 90 minutes seem like 10 - this is high-powered film-dope for the mind!

Onto the story (which has more threads than Franco has films), and what a story... big, beautiful and buxom Lavonia (Natividad) is a frustrated woman who can't get the right love from her companion Lamar (Ken Kerr) - he prefers it 'up the wrong orifice' much to her distaste.

So, she finds sinfull solace with, among others, Mr Peterbuilt (his avocation; Fucking), Semper Fidelis (lingerie's his game, plunderings his name) and Flovilla Thatch (sexual surrogate)!

Lamar eventually finds help for his desperate plight in the lusty last-stop Radio Rio Dio and its gravity-defying starlet Eufaula Roop...

Meyer's softly sexual style shines through, as we are thrust through one breathtaking scene to another in an insane orgy of editing that beats all. The highlights of this movie are many, and include 'six times in one hour', sex-based faith-healing and more mammary movement than any other of ol' Russ' epics (look out for R.M's cameo near the end).

SMALL TOWN AMERICA WAS NEVER LIKE THIS... 90%

Reviewer G.N. Houston

Well there is a brief run down of all the Meyer films I have had the fortune to see. I will review any others I manage to see in subsequent issues, and if any of you out there have any I don't then let me know.

And anyone who thinks this may be their cup of tea should rush out and get 'Beyond the Valley of the Dolls' as soon as is humanely possible, after all most Meyer fans start of with one film.

News is that 'The Breast of Russ Meyer', a semi-autobiographical epic, is still unrelesed in the US. All I can say is... Hurry UP! Russ.

IT

Okay it's the end of January and I've just watched IT again, by the time this zine gets into your hands it may well have been aired (then again Maybe not).

Shit I'll give you my humble opinion anyway.

BRILLIANT.

So what if not everything from the book is there, so what if some things are slightly altered to suit the format, so what that it's made for T.V.

What counts most in IT's favour is that the spirit of the book is on the screen, where Christine, Pet Semetary and The Shining went wrong was to remove a spiritual aspect of the book. IT doesn't do this and I was extremely surprised, IT is my fave King book so I was expeecting to be dissappointed, the fact that I wasn't was one surprise and the fact that It is well above most of the cinematic adaptations is another.

The script, cast and direction are all excellent with Tim Curry as Pennywise been a masterly casting decision, God that guy is scary.

Hardware

I hate to say this about a British film but Hardware is an unoriginal disaster. Sure its slick and fast, but it's far too like a long pop video. And when one considers that it has to compete with American excesses like Total Recall then it seems like a waste of money. Surely a better idea would be to do something differen't and sell a film on originality.

Hey what do I know, opinions seem divided.

Does show some promise for the director though.

Pacific Heights

The burning question on which this movie revolves is thus: How do two landlords of a house get rid of the socipathic psycopath residing (read squattin) in one of their apartments? A guy who just also happens not to give a crap about fucking up their lives in the process. This being the dilema faced by the in-love characters of Melanie Griffith and Mathew Modine, with the psycho in question played by one Michael Keaton: His performance wondefully manic yet subtly subdued. And with the messed-up U.S. legal system seemingly on Keatons side, fuck up their lives he does with ease.

With 'Pacific Heights' (an ex No 1 at the US box office) John Schlesinger (Madame Sousatska; The Marathon Man; Midnight Cowboy) continues to prove what an excellently versatile director he is, filling the proceedings with a genuine air of brooding menace. Giving us a quasi-horro tale that, on one level, is practically a fable of the American dream gone wrong (I.E. two capitalists being screwed over by a rampant psychopathic capitalist).

Ultimately the film may have played better as a black comedy, because in truth, this 'thriller's' script just doesn't provide enough thrills. A good film, yes, rather dark and intense in places, true, yet no classic, and in conclusion psychobabbling Johnny says this - check out Schlesinger's excellent 'The Believers'.

Reviewer Pschobabbling Johnathan.

Jacob's Ladder

One of the most eagerly awaited genre films this year. Does it live up to the hype it's been getting. Well yes and no.

A word of warning, there is really no way I can review this film without revealing the ending!, so if you don't want to know then please skip this review.

'Jacob's Ladder' is the story of Jacob Singer a Vietnam Vet haunted by strange visions of demons. He and the audience have no idea if these are real or imagined demons. His life unfolds and we watch, with interspersed flashbacks to His Nam days. The Nam flashbacks chart his progress from a raid where he gets bayonetted in the gut to his treatment at an army Hospital.

The first scenes of the film are in Nam just before his company are attacked and we see a joint passed around that is obviously tainted as those who have smoked it go into violent convulsions. Everything then happens real fast as the attack comes seemingly from nowhere and a hand held camera records the chaos (good shooting technique). Jacob crawls into the bush and seems to have escaped. Then he gets bayonetted and we return to Jacob waking from a nightmare.

As the film progresses the two story timelines criss and cross until the end where we finish as we have started, in Vietnam.

You see Jacob died In Vietnam and the life he leads after Nam is merely in his head, he imagines, in a vain attempt to fight death, a life for himself that while detailed on a personal level is lacking in the wider sense (it is supposed to Xmas but we only see one Santa Clause and no other Xmas references). He Imagines himself a wife, a breakup, a new girl, a job and even a psychiatric counsellor.

The film manages to be both intense and touching as Jacob apparently slips into madness then out again as he invents a story of an Army experimental drug that is causing him to see Demons. Wether this drug aspect is true is very vague. If it is it means Jacob is psychic near death as the only evidence is the bad trip he see's some of his friends go on.

The mood of the film stops the 'it was only a dream' ending from coming out as a cheat and I think it works very well in this context, after all they say that your life flashes before you at death, why not the life you might have had?

While occasionally difficult to follow 'Jacobs Ladder' is a thoughtful and compelling film, that scares, makes you think and proves that there is still some originality in American films. I liked it though other reviews are mixed. Definately a worthy mainstream entry to the horror genre.

Frankenstein Unbound

I remember a while ago saying that this film was not getting such good reviews in the states, after watching it I can see why.

Not that Cormans return to directing is such a bad affair, it isn't in fact in some places it is actually quite good. The only problem is that any enjoyment of this film is for the wrong reasons.

What tries to be a gothic-esque story abounding with salient questions on the soul, life, creation etc is in fact an overacted comedy of bad dialogue and implausible chracters. You laugh when you shouldn't, which for a film at least trying to be serious is a no-no.

A wasted opportunity really, should do okay buisness on video though.

TWO THOUSAND MANIACS

INITIAL RELEASE: 1964
DIR: H.G. Lewis PRO: D. Friedman SCREENPLAY: H.G. Lewis
CAST: William Kerwin, Connie Mason, Jeffrey Allen, Ben Moore, Linda Cochran, Andrew Wilson.

Lewis has often been quoted describing this film as his personal favourite, I found it the least enjoyable of his films that I have so far managed to see The problem for me was the hint of artistic pretension that sneaked into the proceedings, I am afraid that Lewis lacks the skill as a screen writer to put accross successfully the social commentary he was attempting here. 'Blood Feast' works on the level of a sick joke, in fact Lewis's succesful films attempt nothing more than to raise a cheap laugh and splatter the screen with as much phoney gore as possible, a good man knows his limitations, with 'Two Thousand Maniacs' Lewis over reached his own abilities. The attempt to raise poignant questions concerning classism and xenophobia in contemporary America come accross as clumsy and cock-eyed rendering the film rather dull and lending a patronising feel to the whole affair (rather akin to a Sunday school teacher reading aloud a parable to a rather backward class).

The plot concerns the bloody revenge gained by the inhabitants of a small rural town in the deep South for an atrocity commited there by Northern troops during the last days of the Civil War.

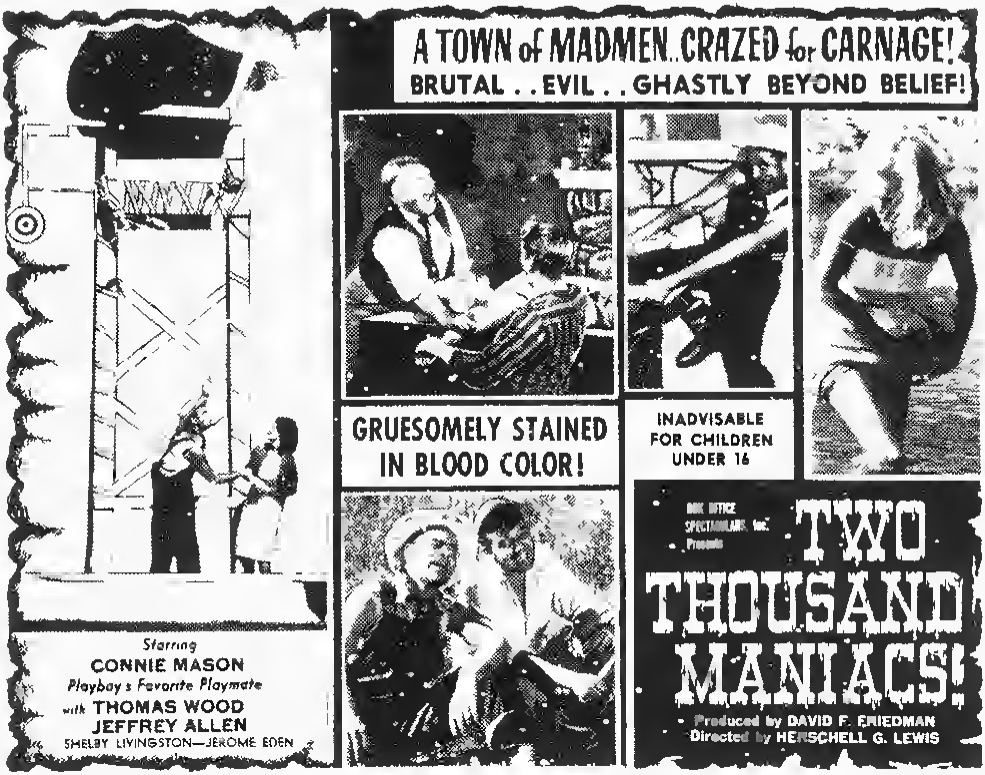
A number of cars, with number plates indicating their owners as Northerners, are detoured by a bogus sign set up by two locals into the little town of Pleasant Valley. The occupants of these vehicles Mr and Mrs Wells, their friends the Millers, spoilt little rich girl Terry Adams and an English teacher Tom White who is hitchhiking his way to a teaching conference after his car broke down on the highway, are formally welcomed to the town by the corpulent Mayor Buckman who informs them that they are to be guests of honour at the town's centenary celebrations that weekend, and that they will be allowed to stay at the town's hotel for the next few days free of charge The Wells and the Millers who are vacationing anyhow readily agree to the proposals hoping to take advantage of the yokels' hospitality, Miss Adams and Tom White are less keen sensing something amiss, but are eventually persuaded by the easy-going Mayor Buckman. We learn that the inhabitants of Pleasant Valley are actually planning to murder these six 'yankees' as an act of vengence, the town was destroyed by 'yankee' soldiers during the Civil war exactly one hundred years previously.

Mrs Miller is lured away from the others by a hunk of a local down to the river bank, once there the hunk turns on Mrs Miller and slices off her thumb with his sheath knife. Mrs Miller is then dragged bleeding and screaming to the Mayor's office where the members of the Pleasant Valley centenary comittee proceed to dismember the luckless woman with an axe!

Mr Miller, meanwhile, has been plied with moonshine by the local femme fatale and his wife's whereabouts are the last thing on his mind!

The five remaining yankees are duly invited to a barbeque that evening where flame grilled Yankee is top of the menu! During the course of the evening Terry Adams and Tom White discover what the locals have in store for their 'guests' and plan to escape as soon as the sun rises the next day, but will they succeed in leaving Pleasant Valley alive, and will they convince anyone to believe their story?

The acting throughout is of a fairly high standard with the noteable exception of Connie Mason, a terrifyingly inept performer, in Blood Feast Lewis cast her in a role that required little more than the ability to scream and look good in a bikini, unwisely this time out her agent pressurised Lewis to give her a role that required some acting talent, the results as she struggles to remember her lines are nothing short of embarrasing. The other principle performers Jeffrey Allen and William Kerwin are both competent professionals, indeed Lewis often turned to these actors to play major roles in his many horror and sexploitation productions throughout the sixties. It is somewhat ironic how the 'guru of gore' met his favourite actor Bill Kerwin, during Lewis's days as a commercial film maker, he was approached by the Catholic Churches of Chicago Association to make a recruitment film for the priesthood, the actro they hired to narrate this short film was one William Kerwin, Lewis was impressed by his voice and offered him a role in his second feature film 'The Living Venus'.



The gore effects are less plentiful than in Blood Feast, but on the whole more convincing and elaborate in scripting and execution. Look out for the barrel roll sequence one of the most ingenious of Lewis's many gore effects.

As with 'Blood Feast' found locations were used throughout the film, in this case the lovely picturesque town of St Cloud, Florida.

Reviewer Adrian Walsh.

MISCELLANEOUS

Ah ha, back in the 'anthing I can think of column' and straight off a look at the zines.
SAMHAIN - Just for the record! £1.55 from 19 Elm Grove Road, Topsham, Exeter, Devon, EX3 0EQ
MIDNIGHT IN HELL: £1 from George Houston at The Cottage, Smithy Brae, Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire, PA13 4EN
TRASH CITY: Sorry Jim but as we went to press you hadn't informed me about your change of address. I have got he latest issue though which is it's usual mix of strange stuff.
HEADCHEESE AND CHIANSAWS: The usual Horror based mix of reviews and articles. 70p from Rob Bewick, 33 Ernwill Avenue, Castleton, Sunderland, SR5 3EB
IN THE FLESH: Excellent pro-zine £1.40 from Steve C, Box 1, Garageland, Focus, Princess Victoria Street, Clifton, Bristol, BS8 4BP
FROM BEYOND: 2nd issue. Large improvement on first. prive now 50p plus stamp. Covers horror in film, books etc. From GW Sherratt, 'Brimstree', 1 The Greenway, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

If anyone out there remembers the last issue then they might recall me asking for Top 10 Horror films. Well here's some that I recieved.

Neil Palmer	Stephen Barnes
1) Dawn Of the Dead	1) Dawn Of the Dead
2) The Exorcist	2) Opera
3) The Evil Dead	3) Zombie Holocaust aka Dr Butcher MD
4) An American Werewolf in London	4) Deep Red
5) Henry: Portrait Of A S' Killer	5) Day of the Dead
6) Tenebrae	6) The Beyond
7) Halloween	7) Cannibal Holocaust
8) Re-animator	8) Texas Chainsaw Massacre
9) Hellraiser	9) Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer
10) Texas Chainsaw Massacre	10) Bad Taste

Adrian Walsh	Kevin Clements
1) Re-animator	1) Dawn of the Dead
2) The Evil Dead	2) Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer
3) The Beyond	3) The Evil Dead
4) The Theatre of Blood	4) Day of the Dead
5) Night Of The Living Dead	5) Texas Cahinsaw Massacre
6) The Gruesome Twosome	6) Combat Shock
7) The Plague of the Zombies	7) Deep Red
8) Onibaba	8) Martin
9) The Night of the Demon	9) Halloween
10) The Cabinet of Dr Caligari	10) Videodrome

Continuing in the Top 10 frame of mind hows about a Worst 10 and a Top 10 of Actresses and or Actors. And while we are at it what about a Top 10 of Directors. Get scribbling and anything legible send to me.

I've also decided that this columns title now includes letters. So Here is one from Mark Fox. Slightly edited! Sorry Mark.

First some comments on SUB 3.
Liked the editorial, see if there's enough stuff so that you can make it longer.
I don't particularly like Argento (Sacriledge! Ed.) so I'm biased, but a review of all his

better known films all in the same issue is a bit much. You can read about Argento in much more mainstream mags like Fear and Fango.

Loved the caption for the picture for TCM 3, same for the Meat the Feebles bit.

I don't know Ian, but congratulate him for the French Murders review. I loved it.

All the reviews were good except for the Shivers review. It just didn't hold my attention. There seemed to be more time reading meaning into it and slagging off Canada (thats OK though) than actually reviewing it.

The pictures from Ferox were great. By the way, what the hell does Ferox actually mean?

News and Stuff do what I said for the editorial please.

The cuts reviews are great, you couldn't have made a better choice than Dawn for the next issue (oh no, you won't to try detailing 14 minutes of cuts. Ed.). Good idea and it works great, keep it up.

Mark also added some more to the censorship debate but as the Cutting Room is no longer and I feel that the debate is a little one sided in such a fanzine (the right side of course) I'll leave them out and maybe collect all the letters I've had on censorship together for another issue.

In reply to Mark's letter, well... Editorial, never knew my ramblings were popular what does everyone else think. Argento wise, well I did everything at once to avoid spreading it out. In here somewhere you'll find a review of 5 Days Of Milan a not very well known Argento film. And in future Argento will be covered when anyone writes a worthy review or article. Yep I liked the French Murders review too. MY SHIVERS review, well I liked it and if a film operates on an intellectual level then I feel it should be reviewed from a similar level. Ferox means erm...er... Fucked if I know, actually I think it has something to do with Ferocious or then again Fire. If anyone knows then let me know. The pictures from Ferox are culled from SAMHAIN. News and Stuff, well I'll fill however many pages it takes to cover everything I have to. The cut reviews will continue and any suggestions for what next would be appreciated..

News time! Well advance word is that 'Silence of the Lambs' is brilliant, should be out here in the summer.

'Misery' finds itself, or rather its star, oscar nominated, another film we should see in the summer.

The Scottish leg of Black Sunday 5 has just happened (well it had when I wrote this) and so over to my roving reporter George Houston.

Okay Running order and comments...

1) Pacific Heights - Well made thriller, Keaton well cast (see review)

2) Caruncula - A few rough edges, on the whole not bad for £8,000, Freaky music with twist ending.

3) Terror at the Opera - Surprising how films start to suffer on 2nd viewings. Dug own grave with soundtrack.

4) Mirror, Mirror - Weak horror-thriller about a possessed mirror. A few though it might turn out to be H.R. Giger's debut film. It wasn't!

5) Toxic Avenger 3 - Unbelievably bad shite! Saved at times by Febe Leger's crotch.

6) Grim's Prarie Tales - Highlight of the evening (George would say no more!)

7) The Dark Side of the Moon - Surprise of the night (in the way Miracle Mile was). Good Sci-fi horror but had references to all movies within these genre's.

8) Def by Temptation - This one had the most nudity, as a female vampire prays on men in a bar. A Troma release.

9) Schizo - New (not old one) Looked promising until lead started overacting and a mechanical child monster that was so obvioulsy a puppet appeared. I found it absurd.

10) Leatherface - Violent and Sadistic stuff, on a par with TCM 2.

An average weekend could have been better!

Well thanks go to George for that. Wonder if Manchester will be better?

Cannibal Terror

Throughout the watching of this film I was continually assaulted by the same metaphysical dilema, i.e.: What the fuck is going on? A question that sadly goes unanswered.

Directed by some turd called Allan W. Steeve (his real name, I'm sure) this is the story of two petty thieves by the name of Mario and Roberto, who along with some cow they know, decide to kidnap some little girl, Florence, and piss off to some island (cue the Cannibal Holocaust-esque aerial shots).

The woman who picks them up in her jeep to take them to a house of 'friends', however, is soon captured by the cannibals she has warned us about and taken back to the village to be ritually killed and eaten (spot the 'native' with the Elvis Presley sidies!).

What follows is twad. Mario rapes the wife of the old guy they are stopping with, somebody else is tied to a tree and eaten, later, by the cannibals, which is followed by evryone else returning to the house for a good old dance!!!

Then Florence's dad turns up to rescue his daughter kitted out like Saddam Hussain, "What a cunt!" (the movies best line) he attacks a crooked official with, perhaps mistaking him for the director in a cameo role.

Florence is ultimately reunited with her father albeit after Roberto's gruesome slaying (Gruesome? God the gore is in Bucket fulls Ed.) and an idiotic gun versus bow and arrow conflict. The End.

But don't despair on the fact that this movie is a jumbled piece of crap, there are plenty of unintentional laughs to amuse the viewer, like when a mass of cannibals are running towards the camera and one slips onto his ass. Dustin Hoffman I don't think

Reviewer Psychobabbling Johnathan

My Friends Need Killing

With 'My Friends Need Killing' we have the story of Gene, a Vietnam Vet with severe emotional problems who decides to track down his old army buddies... and kill them.

Via the haunting voices of the past that taunt Gene at the movie's begining, we discover he was one of a party of 5 soldiers who tortured and murdered 12 members of a small Vietnamese village just for the hell of it, 4 of the twelve being children.

Riddled with guilt since returning home, a guilt that has manifested and grown within him like a disease, Gene believes he can eradicate the nightmare by eradicating the other 4 perpetrators. Each killed in a differently gruesome (Is Gruesome Johnathan's favourite word Ed.) fashion.

Vince gets his blood drained away via an intavenous drip (Moriarty did this to Holmes once Ed.), Gil probably (sic) bleeds to death from a gunshot wound after seeing his wife raped, Les, the actor/depressive, is persuaded to take an overdose(!), whilst good old Walt is violently stabbed to death. But Gene does deliver Walt's wife's baby before going out and hanging himself. What a guy!

Now the trouble with this movie is Paul Leder, because he wrote and directed it. And he's just not very good at either. To give him some credit, though, the rape of Gil's wife is fairly disturbing (you want to give him credit for that! Ed.), whilst there's almost a hint of social commentary over the indifference shown to returning Nam Vets.

The film is just too dated, like a rubbish 70's T.V. movie, with a crap and intrusive score that destroys any possible tension! If you're into movies about the entangled psyche of Vietnam Vets then I suggest you await 'Jacobs Ladder'

Reviewer Psychobabbling Johnathan

Le 5 Giorante (Five Days Of Milan

Director - Dario Argento (1973) Running Time - 115 Minutes

Between March 18th and 22nd 1848 in Milan there was an Anti Austrian riot (the Austrians were the invaders). It is a part of Italian history that Historians are more proud of. .

Two Friends, Cainazzo (Aaraino Celentano), a thief, and Romolo (Enzo Cerusico), a Baker, get involved - unintentionally - in these riots. They don't understand what's going on exactly and see the 'Dark' side of the rebellion, in contrast to the 'positive' side that the historians and Politicians would see.

They find themselves on the Barricades built by a Nymphomaniac aristocrat (Marilu'Tolo) who (basically) gets turned on by the bloodshed. In the Palace of two 'Fallen' Noblemen they're advised against the revolutionary ideology, the two instead are willing to be part of a wider reality to contribute to the making of history. So they enroll in Baron Tranzunto's small army. Tranzuntois a ferocious adventurer and they experience massacres and excecutions. They meet the Widow of a spy who feeds them cheese and shows an interest in Romolo.

When Cainazzo publicly declares his ideas - contrary to the revolution - he is beaten and soon afterwards he is capture by the Austrians and sentenced to death. He escapes the excecution and meets up with Romolo.

Together they see Baron Tranzunto kill an Austrian soldier in cold blood and rape his Milanese girlfriend. Romolo intervenes to help the girl and accidentally kills the Baron only to be shot by the Barons men.

The Austrians are finally beaten and Leave Milan. Cainazzo is left alone and in the end goes to a public ceremony and tells the people that they've been cheated. Austrian or Italian. The Rich. Noble and Strong, will keep exploiting the poor and humble.

Reviewer P. A. J. Meadez

BLODAREN - SWEDISH - 1982

Subterrene, being an international fanzine, this time proudly (?) brings you a Swedish film. Now Sweden might not be the film capital of the world, and it is certainly not the horror capital, but the Sweedes do TRY from time to time to make horror films. I mean who can forget such timeless classics as BLOOD TRACKS and SCORCHED HEAT? Both made in Sweden.

BLODAREN (Meaning 'The Bleeder') is a film most of you out there probably haven't heard of, and even fewer of you have seen it, as it only saw limited release in Scandinavia only (Releasing the film in the rest of the world was pointless as it was recorded with a Swedish soundtrack, besides it's a terrible movie).

According to well informed sources, BLODAREN was the first EVER feature film to be produced on home video only. Big Fucking Deal, besides being the first it is also the worst' I mean, the poor folks making BLODAREN gets half a star for the effort and for being the first, but rates a zero for execution.

The storyline goes like this; An all girl rock group have to seek refuge in a deserted small town after the breakdown of their tour bus. A mad killer is on the loose and he spends the rest of the film trying to kill the bimbos (either off screen, or in silly strangulation scenes), until the whole mess becomes so boring that a mountain ranger finally shoots the maniac and saves the last girl. The End. WOW. Really exciting stuff, right.. Er wrong!

With a gore/nudity score of zero, this film is a sure miss on all counts. Not even the most devoted Horror fans should have to endure this (no, only us poor reviewers Ed.).

Reviewer E.S. Rambol

THE BEYOND

Shit here we are issue 5 and I haven't reviewed this film, what could I have been thinking about!? Anyway as everyone knows this is probably Lucio Fulci's best movie to date, it's stylish, gory and with the exception of Argento films is probably the best movie to come out of Italy.

Plot time - The prelude to the film finds an Artist cruxified in his Hotel for bringing ill luck to the town supposedly due to his satanic dabblings, the artist protests saying that the hotel is built on one of the 7 gateways to hell. His protests fall on deaf ears as he is nailed to the cellar wall.

In the present a Woman inherits the same Hotel and a series of mysterious accidents and the strange warnings of a blind girl (who's actually dead) lead our hero (why are hero's so often doctors?) and heroine to the same conclusion of the artist.

The dead walk and chomp down in meaty attacks, eyeballs are scewered and faces are burnt off with acid. Add to this a spider attack that makes 'Arachnophobia' look like a nursery rhyme and you've got an excellent film that delivers on more than just the gore level.

THIS GUY NEEDS A DOCTOR

Infact though Fulci has often been described as a hack 'The Beyond' shows off his cinematic style that is often hidden by poor scripts and low budgets. In the final scene our two leads find themselves in a desolate wasteland as depicted by the artist. Hell is their new home and there is a genuine chill imparted in this final pessimistic scene.

The effects by Gianetto DeRossi are exceptional, indeed they outshine a lot of US effects from the same period and for once they don't bog down a Fulci film into a blatant bloodbath that leaves you feeling as if you've been shown some FX artists promo video.

News is that Fulci's new film (called the Cat and the Brain, I think) is even gorier than anything he's ever done (you might find a review elsewhere if i've been able to see it), sounds like Fulci could be making a welcome comeback. Long live Lucio and may he continue his exploration of the beyond.

BRAM STOKERS COUNT DRACULA

Okay so we all know that Jess Franco is a hack who has dabbled in every genre including our own beloved horror genre (he's also done Hard core porn too!) but did you know he's actually made a decent film No neither did I untill I saw this.

It's hard to say wether it's the cast that elevates this film above Franco's usual level or wether it's an obvious love for the subject matter exhibited by the director. To be honest it's probably a combination of the two plus a modicum of luck.

Right the plot - fuck that, if you don't know the plot to dracula then you're reading the wrong mag.

In a serious mood though this is the most faithful adaptation of Stokers novel and Christopher Lee rates it as his favourite portrayal of the infamous count (strange how no one who's worked with Franco has anything but praise for him). Looking at this English language version (knowing Franco it was probably filmed simultaneously in 8 languages) it seems the gore is a little restrained and I understand that European versions have more of the Red stuff flowing.

The only real faults I found in the film were probably out of Franco's hands, namely budgetary restraints like using dogs for wolves and an almost cursory glance at the interior of Dracula's castle. These aside I liked this version of the old classic (which I adnmit to been a fan of). Klaus Kinski as Renfield is absolutely brilliant, never has that insane character been played by a more appropriate actor (unless they get Jack Nicholson to play the part).

Franco surprised me with this effort, unfortunately it seems consistency isn't his strong suit.

FACELESS

So Franco review one finished with onto number two and rather than review an inept pile of crap (The Devil Came From Akasava for example) I thought I'd do 'Faceless' the only other Franco film that I like (I must say that I, like most people, haven't seen that much of Franco's work).

Well having a name cast (Telly Savalas and Caroline Munro) like 'Count Dracula' immeadiately raises this above most Franco fare.

What we also have is an above average Mad Surgeon film following the exploits of said surgeon as he tries desperately to replaces his daughters disfigured face, burnt off with acid in a flashback scene.

Munro is a model kidnapped for her beautiful face, she spends most of the film in a cell and like Savalas (who's daughter was also taken by the Dr and his mad female assisstant) is in reality more in a cameo role than a starring capacity.

Anyway the film meanders along a sleazy and sometimes gory manner as eyeballs have hypodermics shoved in them and a supposedly more experienced ex Nazi surgeon is drafted in to botch up the meaty removal of a victims face. All the while this is going on the police are closing in and the films end in a confusion of chases and releases and other such end of film dressings.

Filmed in Paris 'Faceless' is above average for it's type and for it's director, I'm biased towards this film because Caroline Munro is in it but even bias aside I find myself enjoying myself. Maybe I'm becoming a Franco fan. God forbid!

THE PRIZE OF PERIL

Now this film has been on T.V. and is available on video (Brent Walker label) so why am I reviewing it. Well simple really, it intrigues me.

It intrigues me how a film based on a short story by Robert Sheckley can have a stronger resemblace to the book 'The Running Man' by Stephen King than the film 'The Running Man' has.

In the book 'The Running Man' we have a gritty character forced into the game due to his social situation, as we due in 'The Prize of Peril' In the Stephen Kings book we have our lead running anywhere as we do in 'T P.O.P.' The similarities are definately there and even the difference that do exist (the hunters are average people not proffessionals) are a lot less than the differences between 'The Running Man' film and book.

'Prize of Peril' is a French film dubbed into English and is actually quite good, blending action and social commentary well. But the question is, has some plaguerism been going down here and if so who is guilty. Has King copied Sheckley or is it the other way round.

If anyone out there has seen, got or knows of the Short story by Robert Sheckley will you let me know. I'd be fascinated to see who wrote their story first.

Just for your informaton King's 'The Running Man' was released under the Bachman pseudonym in 1982. It was written eleven years earlier in 1971. If anyone knows when the Sheckley story was written then let me know.

The Warning

In 1983 I had (or rather we as family had) a Phillips V2000 video recorder, we rented a film about frisbee like blood suckers but never got to see the end because the tape jammed.

Eight years later whilst once more browsing through a pile of assorted video's at a market stall (see next page for an update on Original hunting) I found to my surprise this film, on VHS as well, so I bought it. 1 because it had an American R rating (so theoretically banned) and 2 to satisfy my curiosity over the ending.

Know what.. I still have a sneaking fondness for this manic low budget ET on the rampage film.

'The Warning' stars Jack Pallance and Martin Landau as your average country folk caught up in a strange run in with a not very nice alien and the above mentioned blood-sucking pets. Also or rather primarily starring Cameron Mitchell (He's given top billing on the credits) who dies in the first five minutes, which gives something of an indication as to the state of Pallance's and Landau's careers at this time.

Anyhow a typically boring bunch of teenagers drive up to a secluded lake and come into contact with the alien and pets (you don't actually see the Alien till the end) after two are slain they go to town to find help. Pallance tries to help but his efforts are hampered by Landau regressing to a vegetable state of VIET-VET psychosis.

In fact I loved Landau in this, the total manic paranoia he conveys (especially through his eyes) is brilliant. In the end the Alien (who looks like a Star Trek reject) is defeated by a rather large explosion. The end credits role and well it isn't as bad as I'd expected it to be 8 years on.

Don't get me wrong it isn't brilliant, it's merely okay and in the right mood 'merely okay' can be fine.

Original Hunting - The Update

Okay so hopefully some of you will remember that in the last issue I gave a shortish guide to original collecting. As a supplement to this the last issue of Headcheese and Chainsaws had an artical on the same subject (strange how all these ideas happen at the same time as if by osmosis)

Well since then I've had information on other people's luck on the hunt front, all told they've tracked down, Cat O'Nine Tails, 2 Night of the Living Deads, Shivers, The Exterminator, The Living Dead (one of the various releases of the Living Dead at the Manchester Morgue), The Beast aka Beast of the Yellow Night an Eddie Romero film, Dont Play With Fire an excellent Tsui Hark film, Django, Scanners (original Guild release), Southern Comfort (original X release) plus a few R rated and X certificated films. Not bad considering the most expensive was £6 (The Living Dead).

I'm really quite interested in if anyone else has had any luck. Indeed a friend of mine in Wales found Tenebrae in a video library but the owner wouldn't sell him it! Shame but what do I care I have mine!

Also seen as finding originals is becoming an obsession with me at the moment I thought I'd ask if any of you out there has any originals that they are willing to part with. Let me know what you have and hopefully we can sort something out. Please remember though that I'm really only looking for obscure or uncertificated films. A Nightmare on Elm Street isn't what I'm looking for.

Anyway happy hunting and even if you don't want to part with what you find let me know and I'll pass on the find to the readers just to make them jealous!

Interview With Ilsa

I really wish I knew the opportunist soul who filmed this interview (or rather question and answer session) so I could shake his hand.

This short (half an hour) video film was shot at a Fango convention and captures Dyanne Thorne in all her glory talking about her life and films. As a fan I'm probably completely biased but to be honest I don't care, I mean Dyanne Thorne is just so magnificent forget your wimpy Linnea Quigley's and such adolescent fluff, Dyanne is beautiful, intelligent, witty and by this video a truly good person.

So what that she stars in exploitation flicks, she is still one of my fave actresses (after Michelle Pfiefer) and in this video she lets the audience into some of the behind the scene's delights of her career. My fave is her tale from Greta the mad Butcher where, due to rain, filming was impossible in the morning so the Director (Jess Franco) whisked everyone to lunch, half way through the producer arrives to tell them that the rain has abated so filming can begin. Everyone begins to get up but as soon as the producer leaves the room Franco tells everyone to sit down and finish in their own time. It's obviously stuff like this that prompts people to pile praise on Franco and film in Europe!

The only problem with this short is that it's shot on video and the quality (especially on the nth generation copy I saw) lets a fascinating subject matter down.

Shame but an indistinct Dyanne Throne is better than none.

Blacula and Scream, Blacula, Scream

A strange cross over from the Blacksploitation genre appeared in 1972 with the release of an essentially Blacksploitation horror film. Blacula starring William Marshall tells the story of the more famous white Counts slave now Vampire, Blacula himself an African Prince is transported to the US by antiques collectors (camp stupidity). There he meets the reincarnation of an African princess who he decides to make his own

So our story of Mumuwalde (he's never referred to as Blacula) unfolds with various culture clash sequences, the usual 'Vampires in 20th Century America is impossible' garbage, quite a fair amount of low (almost non existent) gore neck biting, the psychedellic sight of a cloaked Black dude wandering around the states without raising hardly an eyebrow.

All in all an average story badly told and indifferently acted, yet it does have a certain inherrent and, i'm convinced, intentional humour that manages to keep the attention.

LOOK THIS IS YOUR GRAVE!

Probably the strangest aspect of the film is that the racism is quite subdued compared to some of it's straighter Blacksploitation counter parts.

Also this film proved popular enough to spwan a sequel.

'Scream, Blacula, Scream' appeared in the same year as 'Blacula' after the box office success of the first. Unlike the first though this time round you actually get a fairly decent film, it has a few chilling moments, William Marshall is commanding with his deep enticing voice, Pam Grier adds a sensuous element to the escapade and we get an okayish director in Bob Kelljan (director of Count Yorga - The Vampire).

This time Mumuwalde is resurrected during a Voodoo ritual and is again a semi-sympathetic character who you can't help rooting for (well I like him) and I actually found this film a much more enjoyable romp than the first

Certainly there's more humour (both intentional and unintentional) in this film, it also has a sombre mood in places that I didn't expect to find in such a cash in film

In general both these films have points of interest, both are worth seeing and compared to some of the awful (dreadful, terrible, useless, crap shit, rubish...) films that the Blacksploitation genre churned out are a real boon to any Horror or Blacksploitation film fans collection.

Just for the record I'd like to thank SKY for airing these two films, makes a change for Satelite TV to show something of use.

DAWN OF THE DEAD

Well here, finally, as promised is the comparison of cuts/scenes in the 126 version of 'Dawn of the Dead' and the... well we'll call it the 140 version. Actually this version depending on who you ask is anywhere between 134 and 141 minutes long. Hopefully by listing the differences I have found a roughly correct running length. The only other thing to say before we start is, where did the 140 come from? I'll be buggered if I know.

1) At the start of the film a controller starts typing in new rescue stations on a computer. In the 126 we see 3 or 4 letters of this type, in the 140 we get 2 lines of type. 3 seconds difference.
2) The above scene cuts to the scientist informing the viewers how to kill the zombies in the 140. But we cut to the station head shouting about the rescue stations in the 126. 25 seconds difference.
3) When Steven gets past the TV station guard there is a cut to the scientist talking in the 140. In the 126 we go straight to Fran in control of the camera. 10 seconds difference.
4) When the scene is about to change to the SWAT team there is a longer shot of Fran followed by a brief shot of the moon in the 140. 4 seconds difference. Also the scientist saying "the bodies of the dead will be delivered over to the national Guard" is slightly earlier in the 140 and its a sentence longer as he also says "who will organise disposition". 3 seconds extra.
5) At the begining of the raid on the hotel the cop with the hailer has an assisstant who says something in the 140 but not in the 126. Also Roger mouths the warning that the hailer holder says a couple of seconds earlier (showing that its a routine thing) this pre-empting isn't in the 126. 15 seconds difference.
6) As they throw the gas down the stairwell we cut back to them putting masks on. In the 140 there's more mask putting on. 5 seconds difference.
7) When Wolly goes ape-shit he shoots a couple more shots off in the 140 2 seconds difference.
8) Roger says 'Are you running, I don't mean cos of Wolly, I mean cos of all this'. Peter replies 'Yeah... Yeah I know'. This is just before Roger says 'A lot of people are running' and isn't in the 126. 12 seconds.
9) In the basement scene Roger shoots the one by Peter's foot then shoots another 4 or so in the 140. In the 126 we cut from the guy at Peter's foot getting shot to the guards at the hole saying 'Need any help'. This is why in the 126 when Peter says 'no it's all done man' it doesn't make much sense as he's only shot 6 or 7. 6 seconds difference.
10) Peter says '... there's respect in dying' shoots a zombie (not shown) and in the 126 we cut to Steven at a control mike. In the 140 we cut to Steven and Fran landing the copter, Fran refuels as Steven goes inside to the mike. Big cut of 1 minute 20 seconds.
11) When Roger and Peter pull up Steven is seen saying 'I hope that's Roger'. In the 126 they gather next to a van. In the 140 Steven says 'be right back' goes back inside the building ..., there's a whole scene involving looters missing from the 126. Another big cut 1 minute 45 seconds in total. The guy who suddenly appears and asks about cigarettes is one of these looters.
12) In the 140 there's a shot of the looters in the boat leaving the mooring point and a brief discussion in the copter of who's left who behind. 12 seconds difference.
13) In the copter just after take off there's a shot of Roger asleep which

cuts to Peter asking Fran about Steven in the 126. In the 140 there is some more conversation between Fran and Peter before the bit about Flyboy. 36 seconds difference.
14) After the zombie gets killed by the rotor blade both Flyboy and Roger are seen getting their guns and going to help Peter in the 140. This little bit isn't in the 126. 6 seconds difference.
15) When Peter shoots the 2 children in the 140 there's a bit more of them getting shot. 2 seconds difference.

ZOMBIE MARRIAGE RITUALS

16) When Peter aims the gun at Steven for nearly blowing his head off, Fran says (out of shot) 'Peter!' in the 126. In the 140 we also hear her say 'What are you doing?' also Peter helps Flyboy off the floor after the reprimand. 4 seconds difference.
THIS BRINGS US TO THE MALL!!!!!

17) When inside the Mall Peter and Roger go exploring. After Peter tells Roger to pick up the walkie talkies we cut to Fran on the Balcony from here the 126 cuts back to Roger and Peter sorting keys out, checking plans and switching the power on. Then we see shots of Zombies in the now alive Mall this cuts back to Fran waking Steven up then back to the Mall where the clock is chiming, then this cuts to Roger and Peter running down the corridor. The 140 cuts from the walkie talkies to Fran on the balcony and back to Roger and Peter going down the corridor into the Mall, they watch then go back to the room where they turn on the music check plans etc. This different editing order gives the 140 another 8 seconds.
18) The pair charge into the Mall again and we cut back to Fran and Steven. In the 126 Steven says 'Jesus Christ, They're Maniacs'. In the 140 there's no 'Jesus Christ' so MINUS 1 second.
19) The Zombie that Roger pulls through the store doors is shown getting shot i.e. head splat in the 140. 2 seconds extra.
20) After the revelation that Fran is pregnant Steve and Fran have a tiff, some of what Fran says about the dangers of the Mall is missing from the 126. 42 seconds difference.
21) After the guy with the patch is on TV we cut to Peter looking through binoculars in the 126. In the 140 we stay with the TV while a presenter

informs the viewers(!?) of the possibility of a live interview with the Patch guy. 20 seconds difference.
22) The first truck run to block the Mall doors is edited slightly shorter in the 126. 10 seconds lost.
23) When Roger tries to hotwire the 2nd truck the girl zombie he shoots in the stomach leans back into the cab in the 140, this plus a little bit more short editing gives the 140 8 seconds.
24) In the 140 and 126 there's a Zombie with a 'fresh' stump during the 2nd truck positioning. In the 140 we see how he gets this when he pulls his arm from beneath Roger's trucks wheel. 3 seconds extra gore.
25) Just after this Fran is seen shooting from the roof. In the 140 there's a couple more shots. 3 seconds extra.
26) Just after Roger gets bitten and drives off Fran shoots another Zombie. 2 seconds difference.
27) When Peter and Steven are locking the doors there's a Zombie hand sticking through. In the 140 you see it come away at the wrist, you don't get this in the 126. 2 seconds difference.
28) After Roger rants about whipping the Zombies (in bed ill) we cut to some 'shopping' in the 140, in the 126 they've already got the stuff and are covering the stairway. 15 seconds extra.
29) After cleaning up the zombies our heroes go 'shopping', there's more 'shopping' in the 140. 8 seconds difference.
30) After Fran refuses the ring from Steven during their romantic meal we cut to some more 'shopping' in the 140, in the 126 we cut to Steven and Fran in Bed. Big scene cut totalling 1 minute 10 seconds.
31) When the raiders initially attack the Mall there's a lot more Zombie shooting/punching/sledgehammering etc. 50 seconds extra.
32) After Peter says "There'll be a thousand Zombies in here" we cut to the bikers coming in, there is a little more here. We then cut to Peter ducking down by an escalator, this is also extra. 6 seconds.
33) Just after this there's a radio exchange between Peter and Steven in the 140 only. 20 seconds.
34) Peter says "Flyboy where the hell are you..." from here we cut to raiders getting guns in the 140 in the 126 we go to a raider picking up a jewelry stand. 22 seconds extra.
35) From Steven peering through some shelving in the 126 we cut to the raider with the Mexican hat shooting the lock on the store. In the 140 we cut from Steven to some more Zombie bashing including another machette bit. 15 seconds here.
36) Just before the fat Zombie falls in the fountain ther's some extra shootings in the 140. 8 seconds.
37) As the raiders rampage through the department store we see some extra stealing in the 140. 10 seconds.
38) After Peter shoots Tom Savinni we get a raider saying "lets get out of here" in the 140 only. 3 seconds.
39) There is a little more footage of the bikers leaving in the 140 4 seconds here.
40) After Steven is chomped Peter says to Fran "Just wait and see". We then cut to Zombies chowing down on various bits of anatomy. There is quite a lot more chowing down in the 140. 21 seconds to finish off.

Phew... God that took me forever, I hope you all think it was worth it. So totalling up I see that makes an extra 10 minutes 56 seconds. So this makes the 140's actual running time at more or less 137 minutes. Sounds about right to me! And if it isn't, well I'm not going back and doing it again!

SS Experiment Camp

It is widely believed in the film making community that Sergio Garrone, the Director of this masterpiece, is one of the finest cinematic geniuses to ever step behind a camera. Garrone is so good, infact.... no, nO, NO! I'm lying (Christ I've got to stop snorting Radion).

Now I would expect most of you out there to be quite familiar with SS Experiment camp, and of its notoriety. A notoriety it deserves, if for all the wrong reasons (any film exploiting as 'entertainment' what the Nazi's did during W.W.II has got to be regarded pretty lowly).

The SS Experiment Camp in question is concerned with experiments of a sexual nature (what a surprise Ed.), with Germany's 'finest' specimens of manhood brought to hump the numerous female prisoners for little apparent reason.

In between the expected scenes of sex and torure a couple of subplots can be seen farting around. Like Helmut (!), one of the caring German soldiers, falling in love with one of the prisoners. But things turn sour for Helmut when he's tricked into partaking in a devious operation/experiment - he later realises that the evil , impotent, Colonel has stolen his power of Stiffie. "What have you been doing with my balls?" is the question Helmut angrily confronts the Colonel with after he's just been using them for a bonk.

This is certainly a film for lovers of the perverse, but be warned. This rather plotless film is pathetically directed, scripted and acted, and there's not even a happy ending. Both Helmut and his female friend get blown away in the last scene. What a shame huh?

Psychobabbling Johnathan

Un Gatto Nel Cervello

Okay so you've never heard of this film, you soon will have as it marks the return of a certain Mr Lucio Fulci to the stomping ground of his earlier days.

SO IT'S A BIT EXTREME FOR A SORE THROAT

Yep, the king of italian splatter has recovered from the viral hepatitis that ruined his Zombi 3 and returned with this film (the title translates to The Cat and the Brain though it will probably see the english language version released as Nightmare Concert) a welcome return as Fulci proves that there's still no competition at this sort of gory ride around Hells highlights.

The story concerns Dr Fulci, a proffessor at a film school, who is played by... well himself of course. In this film we have a semi-autobiographical descent into madness as Fulci the director starts to become haunted by the images he has filmed. He sees himself murder, knows it isn't real so goes to a shrink for help. Unfortunately the visions continue in, well bloody detail as people are chopped, stabbed, cut etc.

Now as usual in this sort of film the narrative is intentionally ambiguous, what didn't help while watching this film was the Italian dialogue. I don't speak a word of the language so I admit that I got a little lost.

Fortunately it doesnt matter as the images that are presented live up to the highlights of 'The Beyond' and 'Zombie Flesheateres' and surpass them for sheer amount. God the effects crew must have made up gallons of blood mix! Fulci even manages to beat Argento for the effectiveness of his stabbings and naturally, his trademark, eyeballs are the subject for yet more abuse.

You know what else, Fulci seems to be able to act pretty well too (at least in Italian) whcih is a surprise to say the least. Forget all the other European directors for the moment because it looks like Lucio Fulci is back at the top, personally I hope he stays there for a good few years to come.

Here's looking forward to his next offering, which should be 'Voci Dal Proffondo' (Voices from the Deep) and all those grand guignol splatter offerings that I'm sure are still in the old maestro.

THE FOURTH MAN

From the opening symbolic shot of a spider entrapping a fly in the web it has spun across a statue of Christ, we know that this film is going to offer us something deeper than the usuual Hollywood offering. But, then again of course, this is no Hollywood movie, this is a Paul Verhoeven movie, and Mr. Verhoeven is very, very, very, strange.

On the surface, this 1979 Netherlandic noir-ish thriller is a delve into the psyche of an homosexual writer, Gerard (Jeroen Krabbe), who Verhoeven introduces to us as a man-on-the-edge, a would be killer who fantasizes about murdering his boyish homosexual lover in the opening minutes.

As the story unravels much of what Gerard sees is a psychic prelude of things to come, as with chasing an attractive man at the train station who will slot importantly into the story later on (Jesus Is Everywhere reads a sign in translation). And once on the train Gerard sees a photo of a hotel that he is later to (almost) stay in. This is thus followed by a waking dream sequence of Gerard going to Room 4 of said hotel to see the peep hole turn into a bloodily spewing eye (note, also, that locks and keys feature throughout; a hint at the dark secrets that they can hold).

After meeting up with the seductive Christine at the book-reading he was travelling to, an affair between them takes place (on the way back her house they witness the aftermath of a gory road accident, this just moments after passing a Give Blood notice). And after making love to Christine, he commenting on how boyish she looks, especially when he flattens down her breasts with his hands, two more nightmares befall the mixed-up Gerard The first being that of the three raw carcasses dripping blood into three urns in a tomb, the second of Christine graphically severing his penis with a pair of scissors.

The story deepens even further when Gerard discovers a photo of Christine's other lover, Herman-the man he chased at the train station who he gets Christine to invite over on the pretext of curing the sexual problems she reveals he has (!). And once he arrives, after Gerard masturbates watching him make love to Christine through a keyhole, and after fantasising about pulling off his trunks on the cross (this is not a scene for upholders of the blasphemy laws!), Gerard seduces Herman in a tomb.

In horror, Gerard realises that the tomb is that of Christine's three dead husbands. Earlier he had discovered film footage of all their accidental (?) deaths - one succumbing to a lion attack at a safari, another to a failed parachute, and the third to a boating accident - and he now comes to the conclusion that Christine murdered them all. But even more horrifying is the realisation that Christine was lining up either himself or Herman to be her fourth husband - to be the fourth man. All in Gerard's head? You decide. But Hermans 'punishment' for dismissing the notion as insane is driving straight into a pole hanging from a workman's crane whilst taking Gerard to the escape point of the train station - Herman's eye dropping from it's socket exactly as the eye did in Gerard's hotel dream sequence. And as Herman heads to the morgue, and Gerard to psychiatric ward, Christine departs, without a care, with a man she has just chatted up at the hospital. A possible fourth man, perhaps?

This is an immensely intriguing film, one that will probably require more than a solitary viewing to fully appreciate its intricacies. At the heart of the movie we have Verhoeven seemingly attempting to exorcise some of the obsessional demons he has over violence and religion, juxtaposing

the two in a fashion that would have those who protested against 'The Last Temptation of Christ' ripping out their hair. It is also a visual treat, even though some of the images are not easily explained (or explainable at all), like a dead seagull dropping from the sky onto Gerard, or Gerard being attacked by a dog in a whipped up storm of what seems to be rose petals (could be the dog senses Gerard as ill fated, and the rose petals could signify Christine's possible intention of marrying Gerard as rose petals were often used as confetti in older times. Ed.).

Ultimately the piece is flawed via the abysmal dubbing into English, but if one scratches beneath this flaw (annoying as it is) you will discover a movie far more worthy, if less entertaining, than Verhoeven's 'Robocop' or 'Total Recall'.

Reviewer Johnathan Sharp

Thou Shalt Not Kill... Except

This low budget film was made by the 'Sam Raimi Crew' and even features the great man himself as the psychotic leader of a weird cult (Raimi as the Mansonesque maniac is brilliant Ed.).

The film begins in Vietnam where a small group of U.S. soldiers are led into an attack on a village by their latest leader. They are nearly all killed except a few who we join after the war back in America. They go off to spend a few days with another buddy from the opening sequence who lives alone in the woods on the outskirts of an unnamed town.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL..EXCEPT

It soon dawns on them that the aforementioned cult are up to no good nearby and seizing arms they set off to sort things out.

As you can see there is not much story to 'Thou Shalt Not Kill... Except' but it is a genuinely enjoyable film. The gore is reasonably well done and the psychos are so nasty before the 'battle sequences' that we are left feeling strangely satisfied as each one is killed.

It is a shame that 'Thous Shalt Not Kill... Except' is unlikely to get a British release as it is a well made and entertaining film.

Reveiwer Kevin Clements.

Django

Django is a stylish spaghetti western in the great Clint Eastwood/Sergio Leone tradition. Originally made in italian and subsequently dubbed into English it parallels Clint's early movies with much the same style, belligerent characterisation and penchant for long, loud and ridiculously outnumbered gun battles.

The titular hero here is that fine Italian actor Franco Nero. You thought Clint's 'Man with no name' was tough, this guy makes him look like John Inman in a stetson. Django is at times the hero and the villain of the peace as his scheming self-centred attitude serves to win the friendship of the local Mexicans, only to use them for his own gain and later betray them. Since the film itself is populated with immoral, bellicose, back stabbing types, Django, despite his few inconsistencies, comes off as likeable, as opposed to loveable rogue. His antics in pursuit of self preservation and greed are at times ingenious, imaginative and hilarious - you have to be quick witted to beat Django, and few are of course.

The opening sequence sets the mood of the film, we hear a rousing musical intro' as a leather clad figure appears, trudging through the quagmire of the road. A rope extends from his shoulders behind him to a coffin, and you're hooked, intrigued as to its contents. Does it contain, as our hero says upon arriving in a sess pit of a town, an old friend of his - name of Django? Like hell it does. What it does hold, is a big advantage over his opponents, namely one of those classic western six barrelled machine guns (Gattling Gun by any chance Ed,). This may be rather unfair, but completely justified as he deals out leaden death to innumerable (in fact 40) henchmen of his instant arch-enemy, the sadistic Major Jackson.

Prior to this the Major had held the town under an exorbitant protection racket, and with his forces out of the way, the mexicans under General Hugo, move into town and take control of its saloon and brothel. The plot changes tack at this point as Django is befriended by the mexicans and decides to aid them in a raid for gold on a Fort near the border, where Major Jackson has holed up. The money is to be used to buy nine more machine guns for when General Hugo attempts his takeover of Mexico.

In a clever thieving scene where Django rigs up explosives and his machine gun, he manages to load his coffin with the stolen gold and escape the town. After that all Hell breaks loose as Django is hunted by the General and Major alike who are also hunting each other.

Massacres with Fort soldiers and Mexicans break out everywhere. Django carelessly loses the gold (unlikely but imaginatively done) and subsequently has his hands crushed by irrate Mexicans on Horseback. As can be expected just about everyone is murdered, except for the mighty D of course.

The story itself is sperbly convoluted, twisting and turning this way and that providing new surprises and subplots that maintain interest throughout. A spaghetti western that overdoses on killing on a grand scale, but it's not strictly a horror film (at all). We watch as hundreds die without spilling a drop of blood or losing a horse. The sound of gunshots is enough to induce cardiac arrest apparently.

The sets are faultless in a town that is gloriously mud drenched, providing the splatter that is sadly lacking in the gun battles (mud for blood - that's different Ed,) were even treated to a couple of prossies mud wrestling in there!

It's easily comparable to Clint's 'The Good, The Bad and The Ugly' and 'For a Few Dollars More' though more involved and delightfully over the top. Franco Nero is brilliant as the man of few words, relying on atmosphere rather than script (good job really). One probable fault, yet standard in most Westerns, is the way it portrays its women as cheap, weak prostitutes without character or substance, but then this is a 'Mans'(!) story.

I believe a follow up film 'Django's Return' or 'Django the Bastard' has also been made, if anyone out there has it in English, please let the editor know as I'm interested in seeing it (ah I see, I have to suffer stuff in foreign languages but you want it in English, the luxury of it, isn't my German language copy good enough? Actually going by European Satelite there is apparently 3 Django films, anyone tell me how many there's supposed to be Ed)

Reviewer Ian Thewlis

At last after all the hype from the US mags we have N.O.T.L.D. the remake with Tom Savini at the directors helm. So the obvious comparison is going to be wether or not it lives up to the influential original.

Well no it doesn't is the easy answer which I should qualify by saying that I doubt even the great George himself could have have remade the film and equalled his own original.

THAT GUY FROM HENRY

That said the remake is okay really, not great but not bad, and it is probably saved by nice twists to the original story that avoid changing the spirit of the original while stopping people from labelling it as just a straight copy with better production values.

One thing is for sure, Tom Savini shows that he has a great deal of talent in the directors capacity. Give the guy an original script and i'm sure he could provide some top class scares. In his feature debut as director he is hampered by the limitations of a remake and yet still manages some eerie sequences and some nice camera shots. Give Tom some cash and a halfway decent script and i'm sure he'll provide a good to great genre film.

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Emmanuelle and the Last Cannibals
aka Trap Them and Kill Them

Artiside Massaccesi wrote the screenplay and was director of photography but used the pseudonym Joe D'Amato as the directorial credit was he ashamed? Were his eyes enlightened to the atrocious acting editing music characterisation and bland insipid plot that he'd so impassively committed to the celluloid cannibal catalogue?

AND IT'S OXFORD AHEAD BY A LENGTH!

Always on the lookout for a truly stupendius exploitation angle (see Anthr: 1&2 in ish 4) Massecesi brings you two exploitations for the price of one, Namely an Emmanuelle soft core angle (ripped off from Just Jaeckins 1974 film 'Emmanulle') coupled with the bloody visceral violence of the cannibal theme, Sex in the jungle. According to the titles this is a true story recounted by Jennifer O'Sullivan I wonder if the other 5 'Black Emanuelle' films in this series (1976-77) also by Massecesi are equally truthful?

The main trouble here is that neither genre in this crossover is particularly effective, or (terribly) exploitative. The sex is shown in dim lighting to annoying music with rare glimpses of genitalia, indeed it takes jerky blurred, unconvincing penis-whacking from black and white footage recovered from Tanzania to show any male members at all. The horror/gore on the other hand is thrown in towards the end using minimal repulsive gross-out shock tactics that fail dismally, the funniest being a slicing in half by nylon washing line!

Characters are chased, caught and butchered so rapidly that all tension, suspense and any semblance of sympathy for thier fate is lost to the camera's dead, ignorant, eye. Others show concern at the deaths of their fellow explorers with an absurd resolute catatonic boredom - ho hum, too bad, we've lost another one No screams, no fuss, just Emanuelle our intrepid reporter with a roll of film full of testimonies to the atrocities they were needlessly involved in - the scoop of the century which she can't possibly (maybe) use.

As Emanuelle says at the end, to anthropoligist Proffesor Mark Lester (not the director of 'Firestarter') about there mission and ultimate loss of 6 comrades, "A mad adventure and for what? - Thats what I'd like to know" Same here darling

Simply replace half the violence of 'Cannibal Ferox' with soft core sex and you have 'E A T L C A Joe D'Amato directed product at his vegetable trained best. As (s)exploitation goes it's pretty lame on both counts, even for that dubious sub-genre.

Reviewer Ian Thewlis